

Not Enough Never Enough

Joyy_1028

Star Wars Episode VII: The Force Awakens (2015) / Star Wars - All Media Types

Complete



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Summary

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Description:

Alternate sequel to the Force Awakens

Rey had been captured once again by Kylo Ren, she had traded her life for the survival of her friends. She had thought she was just another prisoner held by the First Order, she had no idea that Kylo held different plans for her. He wanted nothing more than to own her mind, body and soul. Rey would never be the same again.

Chapter 1

CHAPTER 1

Her eyes twitched, yet were still closed as she laid in a deep sleep. Her brows had knitted together for a split second. Her chest raised higher, deeper with every struggled breath. Her fingers twitched as her arm moved slightly. Sweat beaded on her forehead as she gasped out a breath. Her eyes shot open as it signaled her conscious. She sat up quickly, too quickly as her blood rushed inside her head. She was momentarily dizzy before she scanned the room. Her eyes darted from wall to wall as she failed to remember her dream, she wiped her forehead as she stood. The cool room was lined with metallic silver, her sheets were as black as the ground she stood upon. She noted the door as she watched it open quickly before her.

He walked into the room without haste, his firm demeanor and intimidating glance said it all, as hers screamed the telltale signs of confusion and worry. He had her once again, a prisoner to his will. She tried to speak, though she had only found her voice to be a loss of a whisper just as he stalked around her. She tried to desperately force her way into his mind, the force unresponsive to her efforts. He then stood still as he removed his mask with one swift motion. His eyes met hers, she felt the offensive dread of his force prick through her thoughts like thorns. She bit her lip to keep from screaming, her muffled whimpers were barely audible. He thought to change that.

With a bit more abuse of the force, and his unyielding will to harm people, he left as she shrieked from unexplainable pain. Just before he had allowed her to fall onto her knees. She held her head from the excruciating pain. He shook out his hair before he spoke. He had loosened her pain by just a fraction, which had given her enough will power to look up and face the murderer before her.

“While in this room, your force is as good as gone. Here it is only my will against yours.” He said causally, she looked up at him. Rey coughed slightly before she spoke.

“You take away my power because you’re weak.” She spat, he had then eagerly resumed causing her pain, at the earlier level as before. He smirked, basking in the pleasant sound of her screams.

“You have no power.” He hissed back as he yanked her hair. She felt the first tear trail down her cheek.

“Tell me where Skywalker is.” He said as he corrected his posture, once again he stood tall before he circled around her. He mimicked a hungry predator stalking their prey. She looked up at him and scoffed.

“You... Don’t... Deserve... To... Know...” She gasped. In an instant, his shoe had met her face, his hit was hard enough to knock her back into unconsciousness. He pulled on his gloves, correcting them before he casually stepped out of the room. He had decided to do her the slightest favor as he ordered a med droid to tend to her, just to make sure she would once again wake.

He could still feel her pained breaths, signalling her life. He still felt her thoughts beckoning to his mind. For a second he thought about forcing himself in, her thoughts were always so satisfying and interesting. He found himself lost once again in her mind, being in such a close proximity was always so tempting. Just to be in touch with her thoughts. He felt her pain. Her weakness, her worry. She thought her friends were all dead, he felt her even stronger surge of worry towards Skywalker. He was close to the map, he pulled out of her mind.

She woke on the ground, the feeling of his earlier penetration through her mind had left her with a sharp headache. Her head pounded as her touched her dried, bloodied nose. She wanted to kill him, in that moment she wanted him below her feet, lifeless. She inhaled, wincing, she exhaled through her mouth. She had no way of telling how much time had passed, she had guessed maybe an hour or so. She got up, slowly, her vision a bit blurred before correcting itself. She wasn't on any ship, of that she was certain. Being in a base only furthered her growing sense of dread and helplessness. She was far from any of her friends or any semblance of safety. The door had begun to open again, she remained frozen.

CHAPTER 2

CHAPTER 2

Her eyes darted around the sparsely furnished room for any potential weapon, but once again she had found nothing of use. She felt a slow rush of relief as she found it had just been a droid with a metal serving plate. The droid stopped in front of her and unveiled a cooked slab of unidentifiable meat and mixed vegetables. It all looked foreign to her, she easily declined it. She knew it held a high chance of being poisoned, a chance she hadn't wanted to take. Her rejection grew stronger then. The droid then had done it's job, left the room with the tray still in hand.

Rey went back to the bed as the door closed. She closed her eyes to shield herself from the massive amount of pain that stirred within her nose, she had decided to meditate on the floor to calm her nerves. She jumped slightly as the door reopened, only once again it was Kylo Ren. He paced to her just as she stood, she prepared herself for combat. He forced her back down onto her knees, he grabbed her arms as he dragged her on the bed. He had then tackled her with his weight. She tried to defend herself with the force first, cursing the unresponsive power within her before she used her own natural strength.

She was self taught in self defense, growing up in a dangerous and crude place known as Jakku. She fought him, only to have her limbs held still, which had rendered her completely powerless as he stood. She was raised to the air with a flick of a hand. She tried to tighten her fist, tried to kick at him as she let out a small groan of annoyance as she was once again rendered immobile. He had kept his mask on as he looked at her. He inhaled sharply as he took in the faint scent of her, which had been masked from his respirator.

Her mind had unknowingly beckoned him, called to him like a siren's song. He kept out of her mind, using what little he had of self control to not rip her mind open and familiarize himself with her every thought. She barely managed to move her head as his mask hovered over the side of her face. She whimpered at the sudden, uncomfortable closeness. He backed away quickly, taking quick steps back and forth as he controlled his quickened breath. He glanced at her for an extended time, as if he memorized her every freckle.

"You are not here to be harmed." He said finally.

"If that were true my nose wouldn't be broken." She breathed back.

"You are only here to inform us on Skywalker's whereabouts. What ungodly planet he is currently hiding in." He said as he discarded her last comment.

"Never." She spat back. Just then, he had given into his urges as he cut into her mind. He focused on the lonely and too-hot nights she had spent on Jakku. She shrieked from the sudden pain, her forehead sweating as the barely audible screams cascaded from her mouth. He removed his helmet and placed it on the bed, he shook out his raven hair before he spoke.

"You call to me," He whispered, his voice sent shivers of unease down her spine. She couldn't look at him.

He forced her to. Their eyes met and for a second she could feel what he had felt, only because he allowed it. She felt herself strengthen only a little with her force, she felt it once again pump through her blood as she yearned for him, for his touch. His eyes seemed to fill with interest, she watched as thoughts from his past sped through her mind. When he had first laid eyes on Luke, when he had first joined Luke to train. After a fragment of a memory had been revealed, her connection to him had broke. The strength in her blood had weakened, she felt once again dazed and confused. She hadn't ever felt so weak.

"Tell me, you'll never feel lonely again," He whispered in her ear.

"You'll never be hurt again," He continued, his voice a soft, gentle whisper. It almost had her enchanted like a devilish lullaby.

"I... I..." She began, her voice trembled. His words repeated themselves in her mind, his voice became calmer and soothed her with every second. A part of her wanted to tell him, her mental barriers broke with every painful doubt.

"Can't..." She finished, a tear rolled down her face as her inner turmoil came to a brief halt. He quickly grabbed his mask and left the room.

He knew she wanted to tell him, a part of her wanted to tell him so badly. Yet of course she had been stubborn. She cried as she was released and fell onto the bed. Her limbs curled around her as she balled silently. She was dangerously close to having unveiled where master Luke was. If he had pressed her any further she would have broke. He had gotten into her mind, he forced her to remember her greatest fears of being alone and had promised to never leave her, ever. His mind showed his promises. How Luke had trained him, how even then he was lonely before he joined the darkside. How that would help her too.

She had almost taken his offer, to be saved, loved, treated as someone who hadn't grown up in an AT-AT walker. All the things she had while in the resistance. She wasn't lonely there, though, she had wanted more of something she couldn't correctly place, she wasn't just lonely. It had nothing to do with loneliness. As he continued to painlessly search through her mind, he knew exactly what she had wanted, what she had craved. He knew how to give that to her. He would break her, now he had the proper advantage to get it from her.

CHAPTER 3

CHAPTER 3

She fell to her knees. Dazed, as she felt the familiar warmth pouring onto her cheeks as she hunched over herself. She struggled to calm her breath, her tears had fallen from a mixture of embarrassment, yearning, and unease. She almost told him. She had almost told him everything she knew. She hiccuped as her lungs struggled to get a proper amount of oxygen. Her arm shook as she slowly reached out to the cold ground in front of her. She stood up and blinked back the remainder of her tears. They would find her soon, Luke would find her. She had to count on that. There was one thing she knew that Kylo didn't.

She was the secret grand-daughter of Obi Wan Kenobi. The force was strong in her, like her father before, and his father. Yet, in spite of that, this room had seemingly been created to take that away. She was stuck with only her muscles to defend herself. Like on Jakku. Only this was worse, much, much worse. She decided to sit on the bed and meditate, her legs crossed as she controlled her breath and closed her eyes. If she could just feel something that meant the force was still with her, if she could just feel it. She tried to focus on her surroundings, she pictured herself in a bubble as she imagined channeling out all of her emotions, like how Luke had taught her.

She jumped as the door opened suddenly, her focus had broken as soon as she opened her eyes. Kylo had watched her through his mask, she tried to focus on pushing him back, she wanted to knock him against the wall, ground, anything. He gave a small chuckle, sensing her futile attempts. Her nostrils flared as she stood up, she got off of the bed just as he raised his arm to fling her against the wall. She inhaled deeply as the oxygen left her system, she tried to get back the air she had lost. He watched her with satisfaction as she tried to catch her breath. He wanted to hurt her. How could she have costed him so much time, so much trouble?

She was a problem. He removed his mask, she winced as he tightened his fist, he had begun to choke her. He was going to prove to her that he was in control. She was on his turf, he'd treat her like the prisoner she was. He stepped closer, she wanted to melt into the wall. She felt as he began to penetrate her mind once again. Like the time before, it didn't hurt. It made her a bit dizzy and confused and her mind became hazy. Her vision blurred and for a second she could only think of him. His masculine scent had seemed to fill the room, his eyes reminded her of the lonely nights on Jakku. She would never be lonely again, they would never be lonely again.

It was a promise, he had promised her companionship and she was on the path to accept his offer. When had his suit become so intriguing? Her eyes couldn't leave the faded pink scar on his face, she felt herself smile as he dropped her onto the ground. She slowly stood, she allowed herself to take his outreached hand to help her up. The small touch sent a wave of voltage throughout her body, like she had just been electrocuted in the most alluring way. She had found herself inching closer to him. Her force-induced mind had beckoned to go to him. Forever. She wanted to, she was. Not even a moment had passed before she felt her hand

graze his cheek, slowly at first. He watched as she held his head to hers, bringing him closer to her.

She paused for a second, their lips centimeters apart. He then pulled her even closer, his lips crashed against hers. She pulled away all too suddenly as she began to feel the force crash back through her like a storm on Acht-To. Her mind had momentarily cleared just enough for her to push him across the room. She watched as his back hit the wall, causing him to gasp for air as she felt the force dissipate from her body once again. With a burst of adrenaline, she ran to his side, helping him stand. She placed her lips back on his, their noses bumping against each other's as he held her by her waist and deepened their kiss. His tongue slowly trace a thin line over her lip, to which she caught by opening her own mouth and taste him. She felt him lift her, carry her to the bed and place her down roughly. His hands went to her clothing, he toyed with the thin cloth before he decided to remove it.

"Kylo—" She breathed his name like a curse, a part of her felt sick at their contact. That part was dulled as he kissed her temple. She closed her eyes as he began to softly touch the soft skin of her chest. Her soft pink nipples hardened as his nails grazed over them, she let out a soft moan at the sudden contact.

"Please, Rey," His voice sounded so deep and sensual. She wanted nothing more that to get lost in his words, in his dark world. He trailed soft, sloppy kisses down her collarbone, tracing over her sensitive neck.

"Tell me." He finished. For a moment she wasn't sure what he wanted her to tell him, until she did. All he wanted was a trivial planet, the one with Luke. She didn't care about that anymore, not as his hot mouth toyed with her nipples. She became highly uncomfortable as he began to suck on her hardened peaks. She wanted to beg him to stop yet her mind felt as if she was enjoying it.

"Kylo—" She pleaded as she whimpered. He caught her mouth just then as he began to remove her pants. She allowed him to, her body trying to back away from his touch as he held her still. He then began to remove his own clothes as he forced her panties off of her. She closed her eyes, it seemed to help the discomfort within her body.

"I'll tell you everything, please don't leave." She begged, the words that came out were solely what he had wanted to hear and not what she had wanted to say. There was a barricade on her mind, he had her think this was what she wanted yet her body knew the truth.

"I'll never leave," He whispered in her ear. She felt his lips press back on hers as he slowly began to push himself inside of her. She winced as he tightened his fist around the sheets, keeping himself under control as he slowly pushed all the way inside of her. She turned her head away from him. Her eyes watered from the sudden pain that shot through her the instant he entered her completely. Just as she let out a cry, he caught her mouth. Her body hadn't been under the same spell her mind was. She felt him move within her, every thrust sent a new wave of pain coursing through her. He muffled her screams. She closed her eyes as she tried to fight against his hold. Her mind had then begun to fight against his force, too. Just as she had begun to feel her mind clear up, as she had begun to understand the dire situation she was in, he placed another soft kiss to her temple, which had instantly soothed her mind and body.

CHAPTER 4

CHAPTER 4

"It hadn't occurred that you might have been inexperienced," his words were like nectar, her pain had instantly vanished and instead had become replaced with a warm, heady feeling that shook her down to her core. She let out sudden, uncontrollable moans as her body began to spasm. Her legs quivered around him as he quickened his strokes within her. She gasped as she felt herself tighten around him, signalling her release as he painfully bit down on her shoulder. She gasped as she felt him release himself inside of her. The feeling of him within her sent her on another orgasm. Her eyes closed as she felt them water, she pulled herself closer to him as she placed a kiss to his ear before whispering.

"He's on Acht-To," She regretted the words as she spoke them. He had put her mind in a trance to render her unconscious.

As she awoken, the unyielding infatuation she had felt for him the night before was gone in an instant. He had left her alone to deal with what had happened and what she had said clear in her mind. She wanted to slap him, to hurt him like how he did her. She was alone, the room was empty besides a tray of food She had decided to take small, careful bites out of. She spent her time devising a plan to escape. She meditated to control her massive amounts of growing anger as she tried to stay true to the Jedi order. She hadn't wanted to go rouge, she hadn't wanted to be anywhere near what Ben Solo had felt before he had turned into Kylo Ren. She wondered if Ben Solo still existed deep within Kylo.

She was reminded of Han then. Even if he was in there, she didn't want to see him. She didn't want to see Kylo either. She wished to disappear within the walls of her cell. She would rather have that then suffer under Kylo's grip any longer. She hated Kylo, she hated what Kylo had done and what he did to her. She thought about Leia and had then decided she would not be able to meditate or channel out her anger like how Luke had taught her. She wished for nothing more than to go back to Luke Skywalker. She had wished she never went to the cantina with her friends. She hoped her friends were alright. As soon as they had seen the First Order planes, as soon as she felt the presence of Kylo Ren, she knew there would be no escape. She was glad she had warned Finn and Poe to run back to the ship as she drew her lightsaber She was no match for Kylo Ren after she had been drinking a bit more than she should have. He easily had her under his control before he took her into his ship.

The doors opened, her eyes caught sight of him. She had stood in an instant, holding her hand up to strike him yet his force caught it instantly. She let out a small, pained whimper. She sneered at him as he took off his mask.

"The first order thanks your cooperation, in the meantime, you're welcome to make yourself comfortable here. Just remember who's in charge." He said as he turned to leave. He gave her nude body one last glance before he turned around completely.

"Should I be expecting storm troopers with blasters to finish the job here?" She asked, her voice filled with venom.

“I’ll be the only one who ends your life.” He said as the doors opened.

“Am I to wait for my death at your hands then?” She asked.

“Whatever helps you pass the time.” He said as he left.

She screamed as the doors closed. She felt dirty, like a used rag. She debated on suffocating herself or tying the sheets around her neck as tight as she could get it. Luke was going to die now, all because of some simple mind trick she should have been able to see through. If it wasn’t for this room, made solely to cause her suffering. She got herself dressed before she sat on the metallic flooring and cried. She wiped the remainder of her tears as she forced down the rising vomit. The room had then gone dark.

The door opened for which she had assumed would be the last time that night and a droid came in with a tray of water and a piece of bread. She gulped down the water and quickly ate the bread, she hadn’t eaten since earlier and she felt as if she was starving. The droid left as soon as she was done, the doors hissed closed and she heard the unmistakable sound of the locks initiate. She was trapped. She had decided to stay on the ground, her nausea had gone away but then she felt drowsy and found herself yawning. She decided to get up, maybe walk off her tiredness, but as soon as she stood, the room was spinning.

The final thing she saw was a different type of darkness that made her worry if she had turned blind. She stumbled a bit before she felt herself fall onto the ground. Then she had passed out.

CHAPTER 5

CHAPTER 5

Her head pounded as she tried to move, her fingers twitched just as she felt a protruding feeling of something she couldn't correctly place until she opened her dazed eyes. She felt sticky, wet, and cold where she should have been wearing her pants.

Realization hit then, as she watched him smirk up at her as he forced her tongue within her entrance. She had noticed the metallic collar around her neck, she felt it press against her skin as she moved her head to the side. She tried to pull away, noting her arms stuck, tied down against the metallic walls. She was in a different room, her room before hadn't had chains on the walls nor a chair in the far corner.

Her eyes then met his, she noticed the tent in his boxers firm and enlarging. He watched her squirm, gripping himself at the sight. His dark, shoulder length hair shined in the darkness. He tightening his mouth against her clit, earning a muffled moan. Her light dark hair cascaded down her face, her brown-green eyes shining from unshed tears as she bit her bottom lip to keep from screaming. Rey's body shook as she felt a spasm within her body, Kylo Ren slowly teased her entrance with a finger, slowly inching it within her depths. Rey trembled as she begged for Kylo to stop.

The first wave of pleasure hit, knocking her out of breath as she twisted and fought against her own climax. She opened her eyes to face Kylo, who watched her squirm in glee as he added another finger inside of her, stretching her graciously as she whimpered. She opened her mouth, releasing a loud moan that shook the room as her opening tightened and spasmed around his fingers. Her breathing slowed, her eyes became in a dazed like state as she felt Kylo remove his fingers from her. He then discarded his pants and watching in delight as Rey shook from unease.

"Please, please don't Kylo— please—" She begged breathless. She watched as a growing smirk of utter enjoyment played on Kylo Ren's lips as he lined himself up with her entrance.

"Ben, please-!" She screamed just as he pushed himself into her. His breathing quickened, she bit her lip as she tightened her fists.

"Please, please—" She pleaded as she felt her eyes begin to sting with unshed tears.

"Oh, stars Rey, you're so tight." He whispered in her ear.

Rey muffled her screams of pleasure as Kylo hit just the right spot. Her eyes rolled back as she barely contained her scream of pleasure. Her inner walls clamped against him, as if her body was attempting to milk him. Her back arched, just before landing back on the bed, breathless and worn out.

"You drugged me." She said back, glaring at him.

"I did what I had to do." He said back, once again entering her as she tried again, desperately to pull away.

“Free me.” She spoke back, her eyes not bothering to meet his face. The force of his hips left her trembling, she licked her lips as she felt her body expand to accommodate his new angle.

“You’ll have your freedom once you accept that you are meant to be here, with me.” He groaned out as he began to suck on her collarbone.

“Don’t, Kylo. You know how this will end.” She tried to plead.

“In victory for the first order.” He whispered in her ear, just as her muscles contracted, just as he spilled himself within her. She let out her own groan of pleasure, signalling her release as she once again tried to back away from him. He held her still under him, watching as she squirmed. He rested down against the bed, he held her tightly under his arm as he had began to doze off. She couldn’t fight him, yet as much as she hated it, she had found herself relaxed as she felt her eyelids droop. She had fallen asleep.

CHAPTER 6

CHAPTER 6

Once she had woken up, she had felt the familiar feeling of his hands trailing below where they should be.

“Don’t touch me.” She spat, he then rolled himself on top of her, holding her torso down as she tried to shake him off.

“In here, the only one with power is me, while you are under my surveillance, I own every part of you.” He said, she tried to use the force to force him off, to no avail. She huffed as she hit the pillow under her.

“Don’t strain yourself,” He whispered as he kissed her jawline. She turned her head. “Don’t—” She tried, only for him to place his mouth on hers.

“Once you’ve stopped resisting the call to the dark side, you’ll be free to live how you please.” He promised as he gnawed her earlobe. She almost gagged. She inwardly grimaced as she felt him harden above her.

“I’ll never stop resisting, I will never join the darkside.” She groaned as he lifted her against him.

“You will.” He said.

“Find some cheap bantha, that’s more your type.” She spat. He slapped her, she froze for a moment, before she tried to desperately force him off of her. He dropped her back onto the bed, cursing her name.

“I take immense pleasure when you fail to get yourself free.” He moaned in her ear, causing her to shriek and cease all movement.

“I am the only person that has not abandoned you.” He whispered, his voice dripping with malice.

“The useless Jedi dropped you off on that desert planet the moment I began to embrace the dark side. I would have never laid a finger on you, yet as some poor excuse for protection he left you on Jakku. I spent years trying to find you, you... our souls were destined for each other, destined to become the rulers of the galaxies.” He said, Rey watched in horror as he spoke of things that were definitely false.

They weren’t meant for anything other than to be each other’s destroyers. They weren’t meant for anything other than the destruction of each other. She knew it, yet he thought there was a greater cause, a reason for them to be tangled in each others lives.

“We are enemies, we hate each other, fighting is what we were born to do.” She tried to reason, he scoffed as he trailed a finger down her bare chest.

“You were born to join me, take my every order. You are my calling to the light, I’m you’re glance into the darkness.” He spoke poetically.

“No, I’m not. You killed your own father... You hurt my only friend. I’ll never join you.” She spat back.

“Even if your mind doesn’t want it, your body doesn’t lie.” He whispered as he kissed the top of her breast.

He got off of her, only to loosen her ties but not completely take them off. Her arms could now rest comfortably at her sides, for a moment she wondered if choking him would be the correct response to what he had said. She would have lunged, but he had seemed to predict her next move as he easily held her down with the force.

“I hold the power between your life and death, you belong only to me.” He hissed as he then rolled himself off of her. He easily got himself dressed, leaving her tied to the bed.

“You have no right!” She screamed as he easily left the room.

She pulled against her restraints as she tried desperately to free herself. She sank back into the bed, her arms went limp next to her as she tried to reason with herself, reminding herself that what he did was not her fault. She whimpered as she felt their mixed juices slowly drip down, between her legs. She gagged as she shook from the sudden cold that filled the room. The lights were then turned off as her silent whimpers turned into cries as she begged to be freed from her restraints. She winced as she tried to desperately twist her wrists free from the shackles. She screamed as she felt them tighten further around her wrists with every tug.

She had only stopped fighting as her wrists went numb. Her chest heaved heavily as every tear fell, leaving behind stains on her cheeks. Her body had begun to ache maddeningly painful from the two days of abuse. Her back had become sore. Her teeth chattered together as she begged for clothes, anything to warm her. She rubbed her thighs together as she tried to wipe away the sticky, slick feeling between them. Her body shook as the room had dropped a few degrees. The stubbles of hair on her arms had raised from the cold, she tried to pull her arms closer to her body to shield her chest. She felt as if she was getting sicker as every moment had passed.

“Please Kylo, please Ben—” She whispered through chills right before she had let sleep take over her.

CHAPTER 7

CHAPTER 7

She had woken up in the same uncomfortable position as before, she tried to focus on her force, her irritation grew as she failed to wield it. She wasn't in that ungodly room anymore, she why hadn't she been able to use the force? She thought back to the collar. It must have the same effect as the room. She was so tired, so worn out yet she could barely move thanks to the restraints. She gave up. The cold prickled at her, but she couldn't fight it. She took a few deep breaths as her body shook uncontrollably. Then she felt it. She felt him sift through her memories and thoughts.

She closed her eyes as she repeated the same thought. She wanted nothing more than to be clothed. She desperately wanted the message to be sent to him. She let out a small cry as she felt him pull away from her mind. She jumped as soon as she heard the familiar hiss as the door opened. She couldn't make out who was in her room, the darkness covered their face all she saw was a silhouette. The doors closed immediately behind them, she knew it was Kylo. Even without the force she could feel it. Their connection ran deeper than the force.

"Unchain me," She half begged.

"I can't do that." He said back, his voice sounded strained, like he was being pulled apart.

"Then why are you here?!" She screamed suddenly, her chest heaving as her anger spiked.

"You called to me!" He yelled back. He stopped for a moment, she held her tongue.

"Every second when we're apart, your mind beckons me on, you have my thoughts." He said, his voice broke as he finished his sentence. He stepped closer to her, he was gentle as he removed her shackles. She rubbed at her wrists. Her eyes searched the dark room for his, she gave a small breath.

"Thank you," She said.

"You are my weakness," He muttered as he sat next to her.

"Don't—" She pleaded as she felt him move closer to her. He took a whiff of her hair.

"My calling to the light," He continued as he began to move her hair from her face.

"Please don't—" She whimpered as he began to wrap his arms around her shoulders.

She jumped out of his grasp, her ankles still tied down. He punched the bed next to her.

"Don't you get it?" He shouted as he easily pinned her down. She cried as he held her still underneath him.

"Please not again—" She pleaded.

"I control you, I have control over you." He hissed in her ear. She let out a small scream as he tightened his hold on her arms, he dug his nails into her skin before he pulled away from

her.

“You’re nothing without me.” He stated as the door opened.

Two stormtroopers handed him clothing and a blanket then left. He turned back to her, she had balled herself up in a fetal position as she let out silent cries. He felt his chest tighten at the sight, knowing he did that to her. He then gently unfolded the clothes and pulled on one of her arms. She shook wildly as he attempted to get her dressed. She kept pulling away from him, which caused him to use his force, keeping her still as he placed the shirt on her. He gave her a small smile.

“See? Not so hard if you’d just listen.” He said as he hooked her wrists back in the restraints.

He then unhooked her ankles and helped her into the pants before placing the restraints back in position on her ankles and draped the blanket over her. She had stopped shaking from the cold then, her body warming up. She flinched as he got himself into the bed next to her. He held her by the hips as he pulled her closely towards him. The warmth his body gave off was uncomfortable, she knew she’d be unable to ever be comfortable while next to him. He then placed a kiss to the back of her neck, removed her hair as he placed small kisses onto her warm skin just as a droid entered the room with a tray that had contained a canister of stew. She had eaten it slowly as Kylo talked to her.

“Tomorrow I’ll bring you to my private quarters, there you’ll be able to use my showers.” He said.

“Unless you’d prefer a bath,” he continued.

“The shower would be fine.” She said, her voice a few octaves higher than normal.

“As you wish,” He whispered in her ear. She felt herself pull away from him, her he held her still. He took the tray once she had been done eating and left the room, before he had returned sometime later. He had placed her wrists back into their chains as he held her tightly against him. She found herself in a dreamless sleep while he trailed his hand down her side in what had seemed like a mockery of a soothing motion.

CHAPTER 8

CHAPTER 8

When she had woken up, she saw him buckle his pants in place. A new fear had spiked within her as she tried to feel for her clothes. Had he done something to her while she slept? She found herself wanting to cry. How could anyone be so cruel? So cold hearted yet he spoke of her being his weakness. He had no remorse, he liked to watch her shriek in pain. She wanted to vomit.

“Relax, we had only slept.” He said, as if trying to soothe her nerves.

“You see no reason to why I’d believe otherwise?” She asked back.

“Do you want to shower now?” He asked as he decided to pay her no mind to her question. Even with a shower, she doubted she’d ever feel clean again. He helped her out of her shackles as he tried not to force his way into her unguarded mind. It took all of his self control to not place his lips on hers. She looked remarkable dressed like a true First Order officer.

“Is this the only clothing you provide your followers with?” She asked.

“Do you like it?” He asked back, she held in her scoff.

“It’s uncomfortable.” She said back.

“You look wonderful in it, like a true officer.” He said. She tried her best to hide her disgust. Her body aches, she doubted she’d be able to walk far on her own.

They walked out of the room, He held her arm tightly to keep her from fighting or running. From the poor lack of sleep, she hadn’t had the energy to put up much of a fight anyway. He lead her through a countless amount of corridors before finally reaching a door. Once inside of it, she had instantly noticed the dining table, a comfortable seating area, and two more doors across from each other. He lead her into another room, the bathroom. It had nicely polished and an exquisitely clean sink, toilet, bathtub large enough to fit five people comfortably, and a huge shower that seemed like another room all by itself.

“Undress and I’ll help you with the water’s temperature.” He said.

“I can figure it out on my own.” She snapped back.

“I’ll get you a change of clothing.” He said as he left the bathroom.

She sighed as she got inside of the shower, she turned the dial until she had found a perfect temperature. The water had come from multiple angles, it poured down on her like rain. She sighed in content as she rinsed out her hair. She had found three bottles of soap, noting that they all smelled like Kylo Ren. The scent made her gag. Still, she was desperate for the sticky feeling between her legs to be washed away with whatever product she could find. which just so happened to be the strong scent that lingered on Kylo. She felt tears well down her cheeks

once again. She tried desperately to be strong, but every barrier she had built, Kylo had knocked down.

Rey fell to her knees as she cried. She held herself tightly as she felt the guilt from selling out Luke Skywalker and the resistance wash over her because she wasn't strong enough to fight Kylo. Because she had given into the part of her that hadn't wanted to fight him at all. She felt herself breakdown as she tried to desperately force her thoughts away from her intrusive thoughts. She had wanted Kylo, and he had found that. She hated herself for giving in to her selfish needs. She held a dark desire for him deep within her and she knew he had found that out.

Because she hadn't just wanted him. She needed his touch, his kisses, and she never really wanted to fight him. She knew she never wanted to fight him. She hated him because he made her weak, he made her vulnerable and she hated that. She wasn't weak. She hadn't grown up on Jakku to be weak. She heard the door to the bathroom open, she saw his figure outside of the shower. She heard him walk closer to her, she basically jumped into his arms as he entered the shower. Her lips met his, she wrapped her legs around his torso as he pinned her against the shower's wall. His clothing became soaked and stuck to his skin as she tried to tear them off.

Her mouth trailed kisses down his jawline, to his neck, she felt herself melt as she felt his hardened length through his pants. She got off of him as she tore off his clothing, throwing them onto the shower floor as she took his member into her mouth. She sucked him roughly, swirled her tongue around the slit as he rammed himself deeper into her throat. She gagged as she looked up at him, the water dripping off of his bare chest, she watched it trail down his abdomen. He pulled her back up then, tasting himself on her mouth as he kissed her. He lifted her and she wrapped her legs back around his hips as he easily pushed into her.

His nails dug roughly into her hips as he held her. He tightened his nails into her hard enough to break her delicate skin. Her mouth opened to allow her silent moans to escape as his body jerked against hers. She trailed her nails down his back as her mouth met his, kissing him sloppily as he thrust himself roughly into her. Her eyes rolled back as he hit the same spot within her, stimulating her far past what she had expected from him. She knew she'd regret this later, it played in her mind. She wondered if Luke was still alive, which had instantly made her upset. Her friends were most likely at war while she was sleeping with their enemy, her enemy. That exhilarated her far past what she thought was normal.

Her breasts were pressed roughly against his firm and muscular chest. Her tongue danced with his as she felt the familiar sensation spark inside of her. She moaned loudly into his mouth, she felt herself begin to shake from pleasure. Her toes curled as she begged for more. His hips slapped against hers, he groaned against her mouth as she tightened against him. She felt her access wetness seep out of her, loosening her walls to take in his member. She screamed as he came inside of her, his hand trailed down to massage her center, circling her nub, sending her over the edge as she came around him.

He pulled himself from her body, letting her get her footing before completely letting go of her. He helped her wash out her hair after that, before scrubbing down his own body as she washed hers. She then looped her arms back around his neck when they were both finished and pulled him into a deep kiss. She pulled away then, her body blushing a shade of red as they exited the shower and dried off. The clothes he had got her were much more

comfortable, she noted that they were not the standardized First Order clothing either. She felt the familiar war within herself, she hadn't wanted to give up on her friends. She didn't want Finn to think of her as a traitor.

CHAPTER 9

CHAPTER 9

“Have you captured Luke?” She asked, just as he was about to leave. He balled his fist as he turned to her.

“He wasn’t on Acht-To when my ships had arrived.” He spoke in a dark tone, his anger had been obvious. He had wanted Luke to die. It had seemed she would only know hatred towards him. Kylo had only been deserving of her hatred.

She felt as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders, even though Kylo Ren was a huge threat, especially when angered, Luke was alright. He had probably gone to the resistance when Rey hadn’t returned. Or he had left Acht-To to hide somewhere else. If he was alive, that was enough for Rey. Yet Kylo hadn’t left her since she had gotten captured, well, not long enough to go to Acht-To and back. That would at least take a half a day’s worth of travel, though she hadn’t known how far or how close she was to that planet.

“So you didn’t go there yourself,” She muttered. Kylo shook his head.

“Though I would highly enjoy killing him, I had more important issues here. It seems that he is no longer the priority.” He answered quickly.

“If he’s not—” She began, Kylo closed his eyes as she figured it out, or at least what she thought it was.

“I already gave you his whereabouts, I’m not giving you any more information!” She yelled as she took a few steps away from him.

“You will, because I order it.” He said as he took an offensive step towards her.

“I’m not letting the resistance down, I’m not letting my friends down.” She said back.

“What do you think they’d do if they found out how much you enjoyed our time together?! They’d feed you to the banthas, leave you on hoth or send you back to Jakku!” He shouted back.

his anger was close to getting uncontrollable, Rey had a hard time of keeping her mouth shut especially when she was in the middle of an argument with Kylo. She would not back down, he wouldn’t either. Though he had also harboured a lightsaber. Rey had thought twice about arguing with him. She hadn’t had a history of making wise decisions.

“You have already let them down, you just chose not to see it that way.” He said. She felt her tears burn her eyes once again. Her lips trembled as she fought herself to not say anything. She felt her chest grow heavy with guilt.

“It wasn’t my decision! You-you forced yourself on me.” She spat back.

“Yet the moment you saw me, you ran into my arms and begged me to take you.” He said back. He took a few steps closer to her.

"I was weak... If we were anywhere else, if I had the Force, I wouldn't have so much looked at you!" She yelled as she inched closer to him.

"You force yourself to think that, to believe that, yet I know who you really are. I know what you really want." He said, they were only millimeters apart, he grabbed her by her face as kissed her deeply. She sank into his kiss before pulling away.

"I never want to look at you again, you disgust me." She whispered breathlessly.

"And yet here you are, halfway dressed in my bathroom." He muttered in her ear. Rey gave out a small breath as he released her.

"Unfortunately, I cannot be with you as of now, I have a conference with a few of the First Order generals within the few nearby systems." Kylo said as he moved a strand of her hair from her face.

"Am I to be escorted back to my cell, then?" She asked as she took a half step away from him.

"My quarters are open if you'd like a more comfortable space." He offered. A shiver ran down her spine as she pictured herself waiting for him, completely bare on his bed.

"Your thoughts are appreciated." He muttered in her ear. She felt her face darken as she turned away from his line of sight.

"My cell will do fine." She murmured as she completely turned away from him to finish getting dressed. His eyes had lingered on her smooth back to the top of her buttocks. She was an amazing view, only for his eyes to see.

"As you wish, my light." He said as he walked away from her.

"Follow me to your cell," He said as he began to walk.

She followed him out of his room. She watched as he put on his mask and fixed his cape. Just as they approached the door, he grasped her arm tightly, to keep her from running. Though if she did, he would just have her frozen with the Force in an instant.

"Would you remove my collar?" She asked then, she bit her lip shortly after the words left her mouth.

"Would you give in to the dark side?" He asked back. They had both known her response, she hadn't seen a reason to speak it.

She gave him a dark glare as she was once again locked in that uncomfortably small room. He had sent a droid to give her food as he left her alone for the remainder of the day she had spent the time to meditate while she did a few simple exercises. She had felt as if she was going insane locked in that room, even if it was for the day, she had hated it immensely. A droid had then appeared with another meal, which she had eaten before she had slept.

CHAPTER 10

CHAPTER 10

Rey had awoken still locked inside of the her cell, that seemed to have gotten smaller since she had woken up. A droid had showed then, she had been given bread and clean water. She wondered for a second what his conference was about yesterday, then relieved because whatever kept him away was good enough for her. She sat on the bed, unaware of the newly placed camera in the right hand corner on the ceiling. She let out a small groan as she rubbed her arm where Kylo had held her the other day. She lifted her shirt to finally examine her bruised hips.

The crescent marks left from his nails had scabbed over. She traced her fingers over the black and blue marks on her skin. She hated how he had left a bruise on her skin, no matter the size. She had already harboured enough scars she did not need anymore from him. Her wrists had still been rubbed raw from her restraints, her ankles were in a slightly better shape but not by much. She had noticed some sort of white spotting on the top of her foot, she had thought she was sick, yet had not wanted to have anyone summoned to tend to her. She had tried to relax back on the bed, her mind had been filled with the memory of his skin hot and wet against hers. She tried to fight the memory, yet her dream had also been filled with images of him, she had wanted so much yet she had found it impossible to give in to those thoughts.

She bit her lip as she desperately tried to take her mind off of him. She couldn't ward off the thought of him, the feeling of his body pressed against hers still lingered deep in her mind as she gave a shallow breath. She felt her cheeks darken as she tried to focus her mind on other things, more important issues like Luke Skywalker and the resistance. She checked her foot for the spotting again, a few minutes had already passed and the spotting had seemed to have gone away. She was relieved by that. Her thoughts had continued to darken, grow more and more provocative and she had wished the images in her mind weren't just hers.

For no reason other than her pride, she had hoped that Kylo had forced those thoughts deep into her head. Her mind had then went to Finn, her greatest friend in all the galaxies. He would hate her if he ever found out about her personal ventures with Kylo. He would hate her. Leia would feel betrayed and very much hurt. She had trusted her, in return Rey had done the unimaginable. She would be an enemy to the first order, to the Jedi. She was already making an enemy in and of herself. She had already begun to hate herself. She had rethought every interaction she had with Kylo and what had lead to this.

It seemed as if she was a completely different person from when she had first met him, from when she had battled him back on starkiller. Rey had then begun to cry, her tears stained her cheeks as she kept her face in her hands. She could never face her friends again. She might as well stay as Kylo's prisoner forever. She was a traitor to the resistance, to the only family she had ever known. She had begun to sob, her tears hadn't ceased and for all she was worth she couldn't make it stop. She tried to steady her

breaths, yet she had found it impossible as she wailed. She didn't even flinch when the doors had reopened. She didn't bother with herself to even so much as look up.

She had known it was Kylo, she could feel his strong presence. He wrapped his arms around her tightly before he easily lifted her in his arms. He then focused his force into her mind, knocking her unconscious as he carried her back to his room. He paid no mind to the stormtroopers that had ceased to move as he easily strode past them. A few of his staff had given him quizzical looks, they had known of the prisoner but had no idea what he was doing with her as he carried her in his arms across the station. Once he had made it to his room, he had placed her in his bed comfortably before leaving. She stirred in her sleep, he felt her unease, he used his force to soothe her.

One day she'd break. She'd seek comfort in him past being physical. She would learn to trust him, to care for him. Like he did for her. He knew the rumours that he hadn't cared for anything, yet he cared for Rey. He had always cared for her. The desert rat had meant everything to him. He pushed her far back within his mind as he continued with the plans to finally destroy the resistance once and for all. Once she begun to feel what he had felt for her, he would easily have her under his control and she would be the final blow against the resistance, she would be what would end them.

CHAPTER 11

CHAPTER 11

She had woken up in a different room, again. The lights were off yet she could make out the furnishings within the room. She had gotten tired of being moved from place to place, she had just wanted to stay somewhere to let out her woes of sorrow and unexplainable sadness. Kylo had been awfully rude to bother her while in her most fragile state. She sat up, thankful that her limbs had not been tied down. She had searched the walls for a light switch, she let out a sigh as she had found it. A gasp had escaped her as she realised she was in Kylo's room, she had been in his bed, asleep in his bed. Her hatred for him had only grown as she tried desperately to open the bedroom door. She was locked in.

Apparently Kylo was smart enough to think ahead, the door had needed a hand print, which meant she was locked in the room until Kylo decided to let her out. Which could have been hours from then. She decided to look around the room, she curiously opened drawers and had found a few items of clothing and many different types of heavy belts. She took one to examine it. She had also found some sort of communication device alone with a few holonovels. She pocketed the communication device within her breast restraint. She had been searching his closet just as the door had opened. She froze as she heard him let out a loud cough.

"Find something of interest?" He asked, his tone dark and mechanical. She had turned then, his eyes had met hers instantly through the visor in his mask.

"You wear so much black," She spoke casually as she closed the doors to the closet.

"The color suits me." He said back as he took the belt from her grasp. He had put it away just as she took a step further from him. Her body felt hot from the closeness, her mind was clouded with her fantasies she was glad he didn't read in on.

"I have to leave," He began as he removed his mask. His hair flowed to touch his shoulders, she stood firm as she responded.

"When?" She asked, though she had hardly cared.

"Tonight," He spoke firmly.

"Why?" She asked, a part of her had been upset that he hadn't told her sooner. Then she thought of a day without him, longer if she was lucky.

"I can't tell you," He replied.

"If it has to do with the resistance, it's better you don't tell me." She said as she broke their eye contact.

"I'll be gone for a week at most," He said, the information had no effect on her, or at least one she would have shown. She tried to pry her mind off of him, which had been difficult. She had very much wanted him.

“Am I to wait here then?” She asked as she walked behind him.

“Unless you are willing to fight with the First Order.” He said.

“So this is a war.” She said, he turned to face her.

“Merely a show of arms,” He said back.

“You’re showing off your weapons while the resistance finds each and every one of your weaknesses.” She responded with a small sigh.

“We are claiming a planet, Rey. Whether or not the resistance is there is beyond me. Though we will be prepared and we will fight with every breath.” He said as he took one of her hands within his. He placed a soft kiss to the top of it, his eyes fluttered closed as he did so. A small blush had formed on her face as she pulled away from him.

“I’m your prisoner, Kylo Ren. I believe that this is inappropriate behaviour.” She said as she turned away from him.

“You will be escorted back to your cell by two stormtroopers. The collar on your neck will prevent you from wielding their minds against them. Give it three days or so and you’d be back here, with me.” He said as he began to turn to the door.

“And Rey, return that device. It doesn’t give out signals past this structure.” He said right before he left. Rey took the communicator out of her shirt and examined it in detail.

It did have useful parts, she could easily reprogram it or use it for parts to create a stronger signal. Kylo had then exited the room, he took a final glance towards her just as a small, knowing smirk had appeared. It had seemed he had seen every thought she had, which caused her to darken in embarrassment. Whatever the future would hold, she knew she was partly to blame. Something told her that her imagination wouldn’t just be her imagination. He would use her thoughts against her, and she would most definitely hate herself as she enjoyed it. She wanted to knock that smirk off of his face permanently.

She looked back at the device, it had a way to tell the time, the date and the hour. She would never have to guess the hour again. She was shocked to find she had already been there for a week. She put it back in her shirt as two armed stormtroopers came into the room and roughly dragged her out. She followed them into her cell, a droid had then showed with a small meal that had smelled quite nice. She ate in silence as she checked the time. If she wanted to use it for parts, she doubted the clock would still work. She examined it again, in more detail. She took out a few parts and smiled as she saw that the clock had worked. If she could program it to be stronger then she wouldn’t need to bother with using it for defense. She hid it as the droid came back to get her tray.

She had put the communicator to the side as she decided to meditate. She had wished she had gotten one of the novels, she would be alone for days without any form of entertainment or people to check up on her. Kylo was the worst form of entertainment and he never really seemed to care for her health. She sighed as she walked around the room, just as the lights once again went out. She checked the time and noticed it was already pretty late. She had decided to go to bed.

CHAPTER 12

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CHAPTER 13

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When she had woken up, it was even later in the day. It had been the after noon just as the droid came in with the second tray of food she had decided to read the last few chapters aloud, maybe the droid would enjoy it. She knew it wouldn't, it was programmed to be company, just to be of service. She ate slowly as she placed the book on the tray before the droid had left. She yawned as she decided to meditate. Either that day or the next, Kylo would be there. She shuttered at the thought. To get her mind off of that, she had decided to read the last book she was given.

It had been a full five hours of reading a less than mildly entertaining book before she had given up on it. She hadn't gotten very far into it, yet she could not read it at all. She had taken out her device once again. She hadn't had any tools, which had proven to be a problem as she had desperately wanted to make contact with someone outside of the First Order. Just as she had quickly hidden the device, the droid had given her the final tray of food for the day, she had been delivered with a few more books. The same genre as the last previous one which she had enjoyed. She ate silently before she had decided to read a new book out loud. She had thought she saw the droid move as she began to read, but she doubted it. Rey placed the boring book on the tray, she had once again thanked the droid just before it had left.

She had hoped to at least befriend a droid if not a person. She meditated for some time, checking the hour every few minutes as she tried to calm the growing sense of worry she had felt for Kylo. Just as she had focused enough to almost feel the connection between them, the lights had gone out. Rey had then decided to go back to bed. She wanted to save that book for the droid, if it enjoyed being read to, she would happily read to it. She had troubles falling asleep that night, for what had seemed to be the first night since Jakku when she hadn't been able to sleep.

Rey had awoken with a start, her heartbeat raced in her chest as she put her palm against her chest. She felt a wave of dread wash over her as she went to the bathroom. She hadn't known the day it was, she was worried from every past experience with Kylo, yet when she had seen the light amount of spotted blood she had guessed she was fine, yet still believed there was something wrong. She decided to read just as the droid came into the room. She checked the time before she gave it a small look.

"I need a few tools," She spoke.

The droid had stayed still, then moved forward and back as if accepting her request. She took out her device and showed it to the droid.

"I need a few extra parts as well." She explained.

"I want to contact Kylo, he's so far away and I'm worried. Would you help me?" She asked, guilt bit at her as she had lied.

The droid had moved forward and back which had let her know it had once again agreed to her request. She had told the droid what tools and what parts she had needed before she had asked it to retrieve them for her. It had left a second after she was done. She had known if the droid was caught, not only would it be disassembled, but she would be in a lot more trouble. Kylo would easily see through her lie, he would know she would attempt to signal the resistance. She couldn't bother with the what ifs, so she just had to wait.

The droid returned within the next four hours. It had given her a tray that held a metallic lid. She smiled as she thanked the droid before taking her tray. Under the lid was all of the parts she had asked for and multiple tools. She sat on the floor across from the droid, she quickly ate as she began to reprogram the communication device. She smiled as the droid stayed still and watched. Her smile grew as she finished a part of it. She turned it on, seeing how far out the signal had went. Not strong enough. She looked within the pile of parts, a sigh escaped her. She looked back at the device, just before she had taken it apart completely.

After a few hours of reprogramming it she had successfully put it back together, everything had still worked, including the time. She turned sitback on, a sigh of relief escaped her as she was able to still send out signals. She closed her eyes as she began to send a message, she could never be sure if it would work. She had sent out many distress signals to anyone that was listening. She knew that Kylo could easily hear them, she had hoped he was busy and unable to accept any signals from her.

The droid had left then, which had given her more confidence to send out a few more signals. They had to find her, they had too. Just as she had decided that she was done sending out signals, she had realised how much her body had ached. She stood up and stretched, Rey groaned as she popped her shoulders. She had decided to take a nap just a few hours before the droid would show again. If had taken her some time before she had woken up, the droid had entered her room twice before leaving the final time.

Rey was fast asleep and the droid had to immediately report to Kylo Ren. The only thing that had gotten through to Rey had seemingly been the droid, only the droid. Which would be useful to further Kylo Ren's plan to get to Rey. Kylo informed the base that he would be back in no less than two more days, two more days for Rey to be without him. Kylo fumed as he imagined Rey alone in the cell, or worse, he thought of two curious stormtroopers that had fallen out of line. Two stormtroopers that felt as if Rey had owed them a debt for Finn becoming a traitor.

The thought made him sick. He would be back quickly, for her and for him. He needed her, as he sliced easily through an unarmed man, he thought about the way her hair fell over her shoulders when it was down from the three buns. He went back to his troops then, signalling for them to fall back because the planet no longer held any potential threat, therefore it was for the taking and he would have the control. Which was easily accomplished. Kylo stood back in his ship as he declared the ownership of the planet, which had gone through without further argument. He had conquered another whole planet, Rey would hate it, yet it was something to be celebrated. One day she would see the right path, one day she would understand.

CHAPTER 14

CHAPTER 14

It had been almost a complete week since Kylo had left, which was approximately six days ago. She had grown bored of reading to the droid and sending signals, the room had begun to make her feel trapped, which she was. She hadn't gotten any response, which had caused her to be upset. No one was listening, no one would find her. She felt trapped and she hated everything about the room. The lights were turned on too early, she had missed a few meals because of how early they had expected her to wake up. Since Kylo had left, this was her chance to get better. To heal after all of the abuse. This was the only chance she had to plan an escape, which she had failed to do. She was going to be stuck there because she hadn't had the energy to plan her escape beyond the signals.

She sat up just as the droid entered with a tray that had contained only a small piece of bread and a small canister that had contained water. It had reminded her of the portions on Jakku. It stirred up memories she had tried to conceal, to hide from. Jakku was an awful place, a place she had never wanted to go again. Ever. She hadn't noticed that the droid had left until she looked up from the tray. It left after it dropped the tray on her bed. That was when she had noticed it was a different droid. Her friend was gone, she guessed it had gotten deconstructed. The thought had left tears in her eyes.

It was her fault, anyway. Because she had wanted it as a friend, because she lacked the social encounters she had gotten accustomed to while with Finn. She let her tears fall as she tried to reason with herself, how it wasn't her fault. Any of it. All of it. She had tried to fight him, she had tried to tell him no. Her tears fell even more as she heard the heavy footsteps that trailed to her. He was back, her tears fell quicker as her breathing had sped up. He was back, he was back and she was a mess. She scooted against the wall, until her back hit the cold metal just as he entered. He was angry.

The doors closed behind him, he threw off his mask as he looked at her. His eyes gleamed with frustration, hurt, and anger. She stood, she knew he had heard the signals. She would pay. She wiped away her tears she she tried not to look at him. She sensed his anger, it was thick in the air. Something in her told her to defend herself. Not to be defiant or difficult. It was him, his force was in her head, trying to control her. She didn't want to listen.

"On your knees." He demanded, his tone dark and filled with hate. She hesitated.

"Now." He shouted suddenly, she fell to her knees, her body shook from the fear of his wrath. He walked over to her, she shook as he roughly grasped her hair. She let out a shriek.

"I'm going to be rough with you," He whispered in her ear. She swallowed hard as he lead her to the bed.

"Lean against it," He muttered as he pulled down her pants.

She bit her lip to conceal a cry. She had propped herself up with her arms, her palms planted firmly on the mattress. He began to undo his buckle. He removed his pants, she

wincing as she felt him hard against her inner thigh. He pressed himself against her just as he let out a sigh as she felt how wet she had already been for him. He coated his gloved fingers in her slick, before he used it as a lubricant to loosen her virgin entrance. Once he had deemed her to be ready, he lined himself up with her there. She let out a groan as he pressed himself into her tight passage. His gloved fingers were rough against her nub, he circled her as he trusted into her. She held back her screams of pain, she had only allowed a small cry to escape her. It felt as if she was being torn apart from the inside. His hips moved gracefully into hers, which had caused more waves of pain throughout her body.

She tore at the sheets on the bed, his teeth had left a trail of bites down her neck as he forced his way into her. Her knees grew weak from the pressure of his body pressed against hers. She began to press her fist into the bed as he inserted a finger into her. She let out a shallow breath as his fingers matched the rhythm of his hips. Her teeth tightened against her lower lip as her knees buckled. A white hot flame had begun to spread within her, a cramp of pleasure filled her as she had begun to grow dizzy from the stimulation.

Rey let out a cry as her mind raced, she tried to keep herself from orgasming, she tried to tell herself she didn't enjoy what Kylo was doing to her. Her hips had caught his as she matched his speed, she caught him with every pained thrust. Her mouth opened to let out a silent moan as she felt him twitch within her. He removed his finger from her as he held her hips. He had kept her still as he came inside of her. He let out a small, dark chuckle before he released her, as if being with her relieved his frustration and anger. Her breath slowed as she began to move away from him. He coughed then, as if to clear his throat before he spoke.

"You will accompany me in my quarters, as punishment for your little experiment." He spoke in the demanding, mechanical tone that she had grown to despise.

CHAPTER 15

CHAPTER 15

“Did something not go as planned on that planet?” She asked as she discarded his request.

“Do not challenge me.” He said back as he lifted his mask, it flew across the room to land perfectly in his hand. He placed it on just before he fixed his buckle and pants. She had began to pull up her own clothing, which he had stopped as caught her hands with his.

“Allow me to dress myself.” She spoke as she pulled her hands out of his grasp.

“Do not fight me.” He hissed.

“Allow me to dress.” She replied.

“Now.” She demanded. He raised his palm to strike her, she easily dodged his attack.

“I will never go anywhere with you.” She shouted as she tried once again to fix her clothing. He easily had her pinned to the wall, he grasped her shirt and tore it in two, just before he also tore her pants. She let out a scream.

“Don’t you ever touch me!” She yelled as she tried to shield herself from his sight.

“Be still.” He demanded as he caught her flailing arms.

“Leave me alone! Don’t touch me!” She screamed.

“You are going with me to my quarters.” He demanded.

“I will never go with you anywhere.” She spat.

“You will,” He said as he had her in his arms. She tried to fight him, he restrained her with the force.

He had sensed her unease as well as her strong embarrassment. She did not want to leave the room while unclothed. He hadn’t cared. She blushed as he carried her to his room. Every passerby saw her. She hated him. Everyone saw her nude in his arms. Everyone knew they had a sexual relationship just by that if they hadn’t already known prior to that. She almost gagged as she felt his cum leak from her passage. She had wanted to cry from the embarrassment of being lugged around naked. It had only fueled her hatred towards him. She had begun to feel the cold as he carried her through multiple corridors. Her blush darkened as her nipples began to erect as it had gotten colder.

She couldn’t talk, she could only see and feel. She wished he would have already ended her. This was a bit much, more of a harsh punishment than she had deemed necessary. Once they had gotten to the room, she had felt relieved since she would no longer be in the sight of the public. He placed her on the ground inside of his bedroom, the doors closed and locked behind them. He walked closer to her, with every step, she backed away. until the back of her legs met the bed. He dipped down to kiss her just before he took her hand. He lead her into the bathroom, he gave her enough time to shower before he entered the room.

He found her drying herself off with a towel, her hair was down, it had left drips of water trail down her back. She hadn't bothered to look at him as his eyes met her frame, she had seemed to gain a little weight, which he had deemed to be okay, before she had been mostly bones. Her legs had looked smooth, he thought about the feeling of them wrapped around his waist. His eyes met his lips, he had wanted them wrapped around his shaft as her big hazel eyes looked into his. Her breasts were covered, yet he knew exactly how they looked and how they felt under his palm. He wanted to kiss her as she met his trailing eyes. A blush formed on her face as she resumed to dry herself.

"Could you turn around?" She asked, her soft voice was like music to his ears. His hands were on her hips in a second, he lifted her on top of the counter as he met her lips with his. She pulled away instantly, he caught her look of anger.

"Get out." She yelled as she tried to pull herself out of his grasp. He caught her arms, he kept her still as he planted kisses to her neck.

"I could do anything to you," He whispered as he began to trail his gloved hand down her stomach.

"Please let me go," She muttered just as he met her center.

She closed her eyes as she bit her lip to keep back any potential scream. He tugged her towel down with minimal effort. His eyes trailed over every freckle she had as he began to rub her, message her most sensitive bud. He latched his mouth onto one of her bare nipples. He dug his teeth into her sensitive flesh, which caused a small groan from her mouth as she tried not to respond to him. He began to suck on her just as he pressed a finger into her. She shuddered against him, her back arched as her body reacted to his touches. She had almost found herself to be about to admit defeat. To give in to her urges, to enjoy what he was doing.

Every time he was back she had found herself wanting to enjoy being with him. She had given in before, multiple times before. Never again. She had managed to clear her mind just enough to pull herself away from him. She had almost succeeded until his thumb had circled over her, his fingers coaxed her back to him. Her mind was being torn in two. She bit her lip as she fought back the growing pleasure. She had managed to stop herself from going over the edge. She breathed hard to fight him. His finger worked her, which had caused her to almost accept her defeat once again. She had mustered every self control she had to keep herself from going over.

He twisted his finger within her, at just the right angle, before forcing another one inside of her. She shouted as she came suddenly, his fingers pressed against the sensitive spot within her, he messaged her there for a moment, she shook from the pleasure as he then pulled his fingers out of her. He helped her onto her wobbly feet as he lead her into his room. He left her alone then, his frustration with her had grown slightly, yet he was satisfied that even though she had tried her hardest to fight him, even though he had sensed her determination, he had still held the power, the control over her body.

CHAPTER 16

CHAPTER 16

She hated herself, not as much as she had hated him, yet the overbearing sense of depression had left a cruel mark on her. She should have done more in the beginning to send him off. She'd should have been stronger. She blamed herself. She had decided to take one of his overly large shirts and pajama bottoms to sleep in, she had needed a nap after that. Her muscles ached everywhere. She had only wanted to sleep after the encounter with him. He had seemed to take her energy every time they were together. She fell onto his bed, her wet hair left a damp spot on the pillow. She fell into a deep sleep not long after she had gotten into his bed.

She had awoken with a start. Her dream had left a part of her to be afraid. What if he hurt her friends because of her? How would she ever be able to see Luke again? She felt a wave of nausea as she thought about that. She had stood rather quickly, which had only seemed to strengthen her nausea. She ran to the bathroom, her stomach cramped until it had released what little she had eaten. She brushed her teeth after that then left to sit on his bed, she rubbed her stomach as if to sooth her nausea. She had thought about Luke Skywalker again. She was filled with sadness as she had pictured a future where she wouldn't be able to see him ever again. A future without Luke was one she didn't want to have. Luke was like her family, like Han before Kylo had taken that away.

Her stomach then growled as she realised she had not eaten other than the small amount of bread and water. Her mouth was dry and parched, she begun to bang on the door. She screamed to be let out, her fist began to grow sore as she ceased her punches. She had known Kylo was listening in on her, he always was. She had grown frustrated. She had just wanted a bit of decency, just to be dried without him watching. She had loved being alone, without his touch even if it meant being in that small room.

It seemed lying to herself was her new skill, she hated being in that room with or without Kylo. She had hated being without Kylo. The doors opened suddenly, which caused her to jump back.

Her eyes went to Kylo, who was in the other side of the seating room, he had seemingly just entered his living quarters. Her mouth watered as she caught the scent of the food placed neatly on the table. She had begun to speed walk towards the table, as did Kylo. His eyes met hers as he removed his mask. He was silent as he pulled a chair out for her, to which she had declined. He gave her a look of minor annoyance as he sat across from her.

"You slept for quite a while." He said, his eyes lingered on her face, then lower to see one of his shirts. She looked small in his clothing, yet so damn tepting.

"Why is that of your concern?" She asked back as she began to serve herself. She had found herself to be wanting freshly cooked meats or something salty. She had looked at the fancy setting on the table, finding one of the smells had caused her to silently gag.

“Watch that tongue of yours.” He muttered back, which she had replied to as she narrowed her eyes at him.

“Or what, you’ll silence me with a gag?” She shot back as she forked a piece of meat into her mouth.

“That could work,” He responded.

“Hm, well, we’ll see about that.” She murmured as she took a sip of the dark red wine that had been poured in the golden glass in front of her.

“Yes we shall.” He responded as they continued to eat in a slightly uncomfortable silence. Kylo had silently refilled both of their wine glasses, he gave Rey a small, devious expression as he did so. She blinked twice at him, it was almost as if he believed this was her first time drinking alcohol.

“I’ve had many glasses of wine before, Poe is a romantic.” She said as she slowly sipped.

“The pilot?” He asked, she nodded.

“He would take Finn to see me occasionally while I trained.” She said back.

“Skywalker allowed distractions.” He scolded.

“Skywalker didn’t know.” She said back.

“You’re a rebel, aren’t you?” He mocked.

“I wanted to see my friends. But that’s something you wouldn’t know about.” She said back. He was silent for a moment. He hasn’t had any friends. Hux was... The most annoying person to ever step foot near him. It was true, he hadn’t known what it was like to want to see someone. Other than Rey, of course. He was always looking towards spending time her, even when he was in the midst of a planet raid.

“I won’t need friends when I rule the galaxy.” He hissed.

“Yes, then you’d only have slaves and people who fear you and hate you. Seems like a much better option.” She shot back as she took another sip.

“So do you fear me, then?” He asked, his tone changed as he grew intrigued and curious. He had swallowed back a small lump in his throat as he awaited her answer. Had she been afraid of him, his plan would be set back. Couldn’t she just allow her feelings for him to grow? Couldn’t he just make her fall in love with him? He had already grown the intense and slightly confusing feelings towards her. Couldn’t she feel the same? Couldn’t he make her feel the same? She would understand what he felt, she would because he would make her.

“I could never fear you.” She said as she stood abruptly.

For a moment, Kylo had believed she had actually begun to give in to him. Rey glared at him, she was well aware that she had most likely ruined their dinner, she couldn’t care less. She had grown tired of watching him look at her like she was something to eat. Apart from that, she had really regretted drinking that wine.

CHAPTER 17

CHAPTER 17

“So you hate me, then?” He asked just as he caught her in a force hold, it had been the last thing she had wanted from him. He had then begun to circle around her like some animalistic predator.

She couldn’t talk, his force held her tight like she was bound where she stood. She tried to speak, to move, which had only strained herself.

“So you do hate me,” He spoke casually. He moved a loose strand of her hair behind her ear, he smiled as she tried to flinch away from his touch.

“You hate when I touch you,” He muttered, she had winced as he moved to hold her arm.

“Yet you’re so desperate when it’s for your own pleasure.” He hissed in her ear as he forced all of the objects off of the table and onto the floor.

She tried to move as she heard the clank and shatter of metals and broken glass as it hit the wall. He then had her pressed against the table, her back rested on the cold surface. She felt as the food raised up her throat, she tried to keep it down. He then placed each of her legs over his hips, he held them in place as he began to toy with his clothing that had looked rather large on her. She whimpered silently as she tried to swallow down the food. She had wanted to turn her head away, to keep herself from vomiting, yet he held her in place. She had tried to move once again, she had only gotten a slight jerk from his hips as he held her still using his force.

She tried to keep her mouth closed, her stomach flipped as soon as she had stood after the argument with him.

Once the bile had come from her mouth, he had dropped the hold on her and let her back onto the floor. She hunched over herself as the food and wine had vacated her stomach. He gave a small look of disgust, though he had been much more worried as he had quickly summoned for droids and sanitation stormtroopers to clean the mess. She had then sprinted to the bathroom to rinse the foul tasting mess out of her mouth, she brushed her teeth after that. She then took off her clothes and jumped into the shower, she rinsed the chunks from her hair as she tried to take a few deep breaths.

She heard the door open, she knew Kylo was back. He placed a towel and a new pair of fresh clothes on the counter as she finished washing herself. He was silent as she dried and dressed herself. He hasn’t looked at her, his eyes awkwardly seemed to look anywhere else then at her.

“Thank you,” She muttered as she gave him a slightly embarrassed look.

“You’re sick.” He assumed as she looked into his eyes.

“I’m fine.” She responded. He took her wrist and pulled her close, to which she had instantly fought back as he put his hand to her forehead to check for a fever.

“I’ll take you to the medical room,” He said as he held her arm tightly as he began to drag her towards the door.

“I’m not sick!” She shouted as she tried to stay still.

“You are going, whether it’s by force or otherwise.” He shot back as he turned to face her.

“You will not take me anywhere.” She snarled back.

“You are not the one who gives orders here.” He shot back.

“If you ever try to take me anywhere I’ll—” She began, he gave her an amused smirk.

“You hold no power here, don’t you forget.” He murmured in her ear.

“You are a scared, weak child—” She began, just as another wave of nausea hit. She held her stomach as she winced back a gag.

“You have no right to—” She tried as she covered her mouth. She tried to swallow it down. Which had been successful, thankfully.

“You will stop this nonsense and follow me, now.” He said.

“I will not go anywhere with you, ever.” She spoke as she tried to walk away from him. He caught her in a force hold, he kept her still as he lifted her. She felt the wave of nausea wash back over her, she gasped as she begged to be put back down.

“You’ll walk then.” He stated.

“Fine.” She muttered as he had held onto her waist tightly.

CHAPTER 18

CHAPTER 18

The walk to the medic room was exhausting, she had been out of breath as they had reached the entrance. She sighed as he led her into the room. There were rows of hurt stormtroopers in the multiple beds. Curtains separated a few beds from the eye of other patients as they were examined. Kylo led Rey into the back, where a room was that had seemed to be private. A medical examiner entered the room as soon as Rey had gotten onto the bed. Kylo watched as the examiner began to look over Rey's blood pressure and fever.

Rey had given curious expression towards the examiner. She had never seen a species quite like that before. The examiner was tall, it had an elegant nature and peaceful energy as it walked around the room. The grayish tone seemed to glow in the bright light, it's eyes were huge, dark orbs that flickered as it looked around the room. Rey was enchanted by the creature, how it moved with such finesse and determination intrigued her. She had wondered if they were all like that, but discarded the thought. The examiner had first decided to check her vitals. Once she had made sure everything appeared to be normal she had begun to ask Rey questions about her symptoms.

"When did you start to experience the nausea?" She asked it spoke with a soft tone, which had properly matched her physique. Rey chewed her lip as she thought back to earlier that week.

"Well, for the past few days I've felt nauseous." She spoke with a bit of embarrassment.

"Have you been disoriented or fatigued?" She asked, her big dark eyes seemed to look right through her. Rey shivered as a wave of unease washed over her.

"I've been sleeping more than I had on any normal day. I have felt sick when I get up from bed. Sometimes throughout the day." She muttered, her words barely audible.

"Perhaps the patient would feel more comfortable if she was alone," She said. Rey looked to Kylo, who had seemed lost in his own thoughts.

"Master Ren," she had spoken louder. Kylo looked up then, he looked towards Rey whom had begun to blush.

"Would you kindly allow miss Rey to answer question in private?" She asked again.

"I want to know her diagnosis." She stated.

"As soon as I can form one," She responded. He had left the room then, Rey watched the examiner wall back to her.

"Now, I have a series of different tests to run, if you would inform me on your last menstruation, we can continue your check up." She said kindly, Rey gave her a small blush just as Kylo had politely left the room.

The door had reopened just as Rey had begun to exit the exam room. She gave Kylo a death glare as she went to sit on a spare chair just outside of the room. She hated Kylo, now more than ever as she found that she hadn't wanted to know what was causing her to be sick. Because a part of her had already known and it caused her hatred to only grow towards him. He caused her so much hurt and pain, it seemed to be the only thing he had to offer. She felt her anger rise through her, she had wanted to use the force, to cause him as much pain as he had caused her.

She was disgusted with him. He had most likely had multiple companions before her. It made her sick to think that he caused her some sort of illness because he had no self control. Because he allowed himself to give in to his every whim. She felt used and dirty, she had wanted nothing more than to scrub her skin raw.

"The examiner had to go over the test results, it should be about a half hour wait." Rey spoke as Kylo sat next to her. He moved to touch her, she easily pulled herself away from his grasp.

"Do not touch me." She warned, her tone fierce and angry.

He had backed away from her for a moment, just before he had turned towards her. She did not have a right to snap at him, ever. He was about to yell at her just before the door had opened. Rey had stood up immediately as the examiner had allowed her back into the room. Rey walked to the bed without haste, her features had been slightly scrunched in an angry, almost disgusted way as she readied herself to hear the diagnosis. Kylo had silently watched as the examiner looked to her medical chart, then at them. She gave a light sigh before she had decided to speak.

"Master Ren, miss Rey, all the tests had been consistent with the answer, I've done many different types of exams on her so I know that this is the most accurate diagnosis I had ever done." Rey shot a glare to Kylo Ren. It seemed that she had already known what was wrong with her. She blamed him, fully, which he deemed to be of annoyance.

"You are pregnant. Expect either a healthy boy or girl." The examiner said as she turned away from them, as if allowing them to converse.

Rey let out a breath, then she had forgotten how to breath. Her eyes had flickered directly to Kylo, her breathing had then quickened as the words repeated in her mind. She felt her muscles lock, she slowly blinked before she tried to comprehend the words. It seemed that she had frozen in place, She couldn't focus on Kylo, her mind wouldn't accept what she had said. She couldn't accept it, she couldn't. Her first tear fell, which was quickly followed by another one. It hadn't taken long before she was in tears, the examiner gave Kylo a slightly annoyed look as she comforted Rey.

CHAPTER 19

CHAPTER 19

Kylo had looked dumbstruck, his shoulders had slumped, his hair had covered his face, it hid his surprised, confused, and slightly angry expressions well from the two other people in the room. He stared down at his lap in shock, he had heard Rey's cries, yet had not been able to react. He had decided to form together a response, whether it was good or bad, he had wanted to say something. He turned towards the examiner and motioned for her to leave, which she had done to allow them privacy.

Once she was gone, Rey had cried harder, her silent cries had turned into wails as he neared her. She hated him, she hated him. He reached out to touch her, she avoided his hand. He pulled her arm, causing her to stop her cries just for a moment. Her eyes met his as he used her arm to dry her tears. She glared at him as he smoothed her hair behind her ear. The kind gesture hadn't ever seemed so menacing. It reminded her of the interrogation. He was missing his mask. She wanted to destroy it, destroy him.

"Take off this collar, now!" She shouted just as she raised her arm to strike him. He easily caught her hand and held onto her shoulder to keep her still.

"You will not raise your voice at me." He spat in her ear.

"I am going to end you." She snarled back as she ripped herself out of his grasp as she stood up.

"You won't ever touch me again!" She screamed as she picked up a glass jar that had contained something of little value. She easily threw it at him, he caught it with his force, he easily had let it meet the floor below them. Shards of glass flew everywhere, she shielded her eyes and face as a piece of glass had left a small cut on his cheek.

"You will obey me!" He shouted back.

"Take this damned collar off me now or I will end you!" She screamed again, just as she had found a heavy, blunt metal object. Three more examiners ran into the room and had easily gently disarmed Rey while the other one tried to calm down Kylo.

"Do not fight, this is a gift not a war." One of the examiners said.

"This is his fault! I never asked for this!" She screamed as she tried to desperately force them off of her.

"You need to calm down, this stress is not good for an expectant mother. Please calm down." They repeated as they had tried to get her back on the bed.

"You did this!" She cried as she had stopped fighting them.

"You did this." She repeated as she cried. Kylo glared at her.

She had no right to blame him for anything. She had wanted it just as much as he had, she was just as much to blame. It was her fault and he would make sure everyone knew it. He had looked at her then, his eyes softened as he thought about it. He had allowed it to sink in. She was going to have his child. His first child, their first child. They were going to be parents, he was surprised with how he had decided to accept it instead of throwing her out like garbage. She fumed with sheer anger towards him. He gave her a small look of admiration, he wanted her with him forever. The more he thought about it, the better it sounded.

She could never return to the resistance now, she could never return. It brought a smile to his face while it caused her to cry harder. She could never return to her friends with a child. She could never face Leia again, she could never face Luke again. Rey calmed after a while of being soothed. She had tried to think of any positives this might bring about, but it just made everything worse. Her situation would be incredibly worse now. She wanted to vomit as she thought of a future with him. She would be stuck with him, their lives entangled forever unless she did something drastic.

"I... I don't want it." She spoke finally, Kylo Stood then, his tall, lean frame towered over her as he looked down at her, it made her feel incredibly weak and small.

"You don't want it?" He asked, his voice menacing as he glared at her. She stood then. She had pushed the examiners away as she became instantly defensive.

"I do not want any child of yours, Ben." She spat as she walked past him and exited the room. He glared as he followed her.

"Do not go any further, Rey." He demanded. She scoffed as she continued to walk away from him.

"You will not walk away from me!" He shouted as he followed her. He had easily caught up to her, his force kept her still as he forced her to turn around.

"Don't you ever disrespect me." He hissed.

"Don't you ever call me by that name." His tone was dark and menacing, filled with anger and hatred. She gulped as he walked towards her, his stature made her feel even more weak, like she was less of a person next to him.

"You will have this child or I'll destroy every last traitor in the resistance." He spoke darkly as he put a loose strand of her hair behind her ear. She whimpered as she tried to back away from his touch.

"We would have a great life here, together." He whispered, his tone had grown a bit softer, it had made her sick. He released her then, just enough to get a response.

"There would be no life here with you." She breathed back.

"You and I could take over planets, galaxies, systems. If you could see your potential instead of waste it!" He screamed as he had crushed two pillars into debris around them.

"Your promises of strength are nothing. There is no happiness in destruction of the innocent." She spoke back.

"Nobody is innocent. We have all done terrible things." He responded with a heavy sigh.

“Children are innocent, there are men and women who have done nothing but help yet all you see are criminals. General Leia and Luke Skywalker are the prime example—” She tried.

“Leia is a traitorous thief!” He snapped.

“How could you speak so poorly of your own mother?!” She asked.

“She is not my mother.” He spoke firmly as he raised his hand to strike her.

“Don’t you ever touch me—” She spoke just as he slapped her. Her head turned from the velocity of his hit. She felt a tear sting as it had begun to fall.

“Don’t you ever touch me.” She whispered, her voice filled with anger.

Her anger had begun to control her, she had felt the slight burn on her cheek from his slap. She wanted to tear the collar in half. He had released her from his hold then, she fell to the ground just before she clawed at the collar. No use. She felt her legs walk towards him, she felt her hands ball together tightly, she felt her sharp nails dig violently into her delicate skin, leaving deep crescent marks on her palms. She watched as her arm had raised, she had moved quickly to hit him, thought it had felt as if she was not in control of her own body. She had felt the softness of his skin as she had punched him multiple times in the same spot on his pale cheek. She saw the blood trail down from the corner of his mouth as he wiped it off.

He easily had her back against a wall. He took both of her wrists and held them still against the wall using the Force as he began to remove her clothing. He had removed just enough to expose her breasts as he easily removed her bottoms she winced as his mouth met hers in a sloppy, sticky, rough kiss. He then loosened his own pants to expose his hard member. She closed her eyes tightly just before he had left a trail of sloppy kisses down her jawline. He pressed into her then, she had already been dripping for his touch, for his member inside of her. She let out a pained groan as he thrust against her, his hands gripped her hips as he thrust inside of her, her walls clamped around him every time he entered her.

She had tried to look away from the multiple stormtroopers that had walked past them, to the multiple other first order officers that had caught a glimpse of their sweaty bodies pressed against each other. If she had known one of them, she wondered how Kylo hadn’t thought anything of it. Perhaps he had done this before. Her mind had then been taken off of the embarrassment as she allowed a moan to escape her rather loudly as Kylo had begun to suck on a sensitive spot on her neck. She bit her lip to silence herself, her eyes closed lightly as she began to fill with her own growing pleasure, she tightened her legs around his hips. Kylo had quickened his thrusts, hitting the same, overly sensitive spot within her with each thrust. She had then moaned his name, a small whimper that had barely been audible. He had then twitched inside of her, she had felt the slight warmth leak inside of her from his precum.

His thrusts had hardened as he began to near his orgasm, she had tried to move her arms towards him, to no avail. Her body had begun to shake as she leaned her head against the wall, riding out her pleasure. Quickly he had easily emptied himself within her. His breathing had been heavy, just as he began to rub at her clit, it had been the final factor in her orgasm. Her walls pulsed around him as she cried his name once more. It was like poison from her lips, she had grown to hate herself just for saying it. She hated him. This wasn’t proof of otherwise. She had hated him and she would always hate him. Her lips had then met his once more before his hold on her arms had dissipated.

She instantly had them wrapped around his neck as he began to pull himself out from within her. She stood on unstable legs as she fixed her clothes. She had still hated him, and he knew it, yet he also knew somewhere within her she was slowly starting to accept her fate there. They had walked towards his quarters once again. They had both needed a shower.

CHAPTER 20

CHAPTER 20

Rey had awoken from a deep slumber, the urge to vomit had grown while she had slept. Kylo had held her tightly in his arms. She gave him an annoyed look as she tried to free herself, she could almost taste the acid. Kylo tightened his grip around her waist, she kept her mouth painfully closed to keep the vomit down. She huffed as she once again tried to pull herself away from him. She was in no mood to be held by him. She was in no mood to be treated like some sort of comfort object. She would never find comfort in him and that was it. She hated him, she really hated him. Yet, there was only one way to get him off of her.

She closed her eyes as she forced her fingers to gently trail over his hands, she softly turned to kiss him as she caught his hands with hers. It hadn't helped the growing feeling of sickness within her, but she needed to go to the bathroom now. He had woken up then, she had taken him by surprise. As soon as he had loosened his hold on her, she quickly rolled out of bed and stood. He gave her a slow sigh, he easily stood as he walked towards her. She backed away, though her past attempts were all futile. She had hoped maybe this time she would be able to get away from his grasp. The furthest she had gotten was the door, just before he had her back in his arms. His lips ghosted above hers as he teased her, which caused her head to spin lightly as she begged for him to stop.

His hands then held hers high above her head, her body shook as she tried to pull away from him. He had tried to move her legs to circle his waist, instead she had used her knee to make direct contact to his crotch. He had let out a cry of pain just before he hunched over. She ran to the bathroom didn't stop her sprint until she had reached the toilet. She fell to her knees as she held onto it, her hand caught her hair as she hunched over and gagged. Kylo had entered the bathroom then, she couldn't look up at him, a part of her had grown to fear him. She had seen what he was capable of and she didn't want to be hurt anymore than she was.

She held her stomach as acid and spittle fell from her mouth, Kylo then held her hair as she gagged, her hand went down to hold her stomach as the wave of nausea passed. The familiar warmth he gave off had begun to feel soothing, in fact, his touch had begun to calm her, she felt safe with him. She found herself with the need to lean back into his touch, she easily caught onto what he had been doing. It had been harder to tell without the force.

"Get out of my mind, Kylo." She spoke quickly.

"You will feel better." He whispered back, he placed a kiss to her neck.

"I would feel better if you left." She stated.

"You need me now." He whispered, she shivered from his tone.

"I don't need you, now or ever." She shot back as she quickly freed herself from his grasp.

She turned to the sink to wash out her mouth. He appeared behind her, she saw the way he looked at her through the mirror. His eyes were partly closed as he focused on her neck. He

leaned down to place a gentle kiss there. She watches him with a bit of curiosity. He looked at her like she was a statue. Like he had worshipped her. She pulled her gaze away from him. Had that been what he had thought of her? She couldn't bother with that thought. He was the enemy, no matter what she had wanted to think, he was the bad guy. He wanted to watch her friends die. She wasn't there by choice. She walked out of the bathroom and into the main room. The seating was spacious, yet she knew he would continue to try to be as close to her as possible.

It was tiring. He was tiring. She walked to the dining room, her stomach growled as she thought of something to eat. She looked towards Kylo, her eyes had said it all.

"I can call a droid to send us a tray of food, anything you'd like." He said. She had then felt the unmistakable wave of guilt.

"Anything is fine." She spoke back.

"No request?" He asked. She gave a small breath. She had wanted something salty, something savory like meat. She looked towards Kylo with a small hint of a smile.

"Maybe a rare meat of some sort." She suggested.

"It's a bit early, are you sure you wouldn't have something lighter?" He asked.

"No, thank you. I'd really be fine with that." She spoke as she sat in a chair at the table. He spoke into a small intercom to give the order. Kylo dart across from her, he took her hands in his, she had attempted to pull away, he tightened his grip.

"Let me teach you," He spoke, his eyes met hers.

"I'm not looking for a teacher." She responded.

"We could rule the universe together, just give it a chance, give us a chance." He had almost pleaded.

"We could live together, the three of us in a tower surrounded by armed men that follow our every order, obey each command, why won't you allow yourself to live in such a great life?" He asked. She had then pulled away from him completely.

"The life you seek is not what I want. We will never be a family, nor will I pretend." She spoke back.

"Why did you allow the Jedi to taint your mind?! Can't you see that we were born to be together, or souls connected and intertwined forever—" He spoke just as alarms had sounded from within every room. He had looked towards Rey with a small frown.

"Our conversation has not yet ended." He spoke as he ran to get his mask before he went to check on the commotion. Rey had followed, Kylo attempted to keep her in the room before she had darted past him, her legs had taken off faster than her mind had time to rethink her decision. This was not how he had wanted to spend his morning.

CHAPTER 21

CHAPTER 21

She had gasped for air as stormtroopers surrounded her. She had been running for some time before she was finally stopped. She spun to see Kylo's figure masked by the darkness. He stood tall in front of her, the sirens blared loudly, the lights had been cut off. His silhouette had been more ominous in the faint lighting. He neared her, she took a step back defensively. Her hand had tightened into a fist just as he had tried to place his hand on her.

"If you lay a hand on me, I will end you." She spoke as she debated whether or not to strike him. He gave a small chuckle at that.

"You don't have the strength." He said as the stormtroopers easily had her in cuffs.

"If you chose to behave like a prisoner, I will treat you like one. Take her back to her cell. Now!" He ordered.

"You are a weak, weak man, Ben!" She shouted as they had begun to pull her away. She slumped as she began to walk. Just as they were about to reach the corridor that lead to her cell, they had turned the opposite way into an empty corridor that had lead to an unknown area. The stormtroopers took off their masks, which had revealed Finn, Poe and one other resistance fighter. Rey had instantly given them all hugs. Finn removed her cuffs as he gave her a slightly worried look. His features were filled with obvious guilt.

"You were here for three weeks, we couldn't track you sooner, it had taken so long to—" he tried. Rey let out a cry as she hugged him tightly.

"I don't care, you are here now," She muttered in his ear as she held him tightly.

"Don't want to cut the reunion short, but we got company." Poe said as the corridor had reopened to reveal stormtroopers. The resistance fighter had easily shot them down as Poe and Finn began to run, Rey had a bit of trouble trying to keep up.

"Our ship is right there, it shouldn't take long to get you out of here." Finn said.

"We have to go before he finds us, we have to leave now!" Rey said as she began to quicken her speed. Just as they had reached the ship, Kylo Ren had easily caught up to them.

"Did you tell them?" He asked, his voice distorted and mechanical from the mask. He had quickly removed his mask. His eyes had burned into the back of her head. He was confused, angry, and so hurt. He had believed she was betraying him. He had forgotten she wasn't there by choice.

"Did you?!" He shouted. Rey turned around to face him. He hadn't drew his weapon yet, Poe and Finn took a hold of her arms as they tried to drag her to their ship.

"Don't— please Kylo don't..." She pleaded just as he drew his lightsaber. Rey had then took a few steps backwards, her heart had become visible as it pounded against her chest.

“You’re going to get yourself killed! We need to go!” Finn yelled.

“If you go with them, I will destroy you all.” He said. Rey looked back towards her friends, then towards Kylo. She had to get out of there. She had to. She then turned to run, quickly they had made it to the ship. Kylo stood still as he watched them make their departure. They had made eye contact just as the door had closed, Rey felt a tear fall as she caught her last glimpse of him. She had ran to the front of the ship, Poe had begun to pilot the ship while another person from resistance had also manned the controls. Rey sat down on a bench, her hands went to the collar as she scratched at it.

“Someone please help me get this bloody thing off.” She said as she began to wipe away her tears. Poe had looked towards Finn, who gave her a sad expression.

“Maybe a droid could do it, I’ve never seen this type of equipment before.” Finn spoke as he examined it.

“Damned Kylo Ren,” She spoke in anger as she once again clawed at her neck.

“It’s all yours,” Poe had said to the other pilot. Once they had gotten out of the direct threats, he had wanted to finally be able to hug Rey.

“Welcome back,” He said as he wrapped his welcoming arms around her. He gave a small smirk towards Finn, who had blushed and looked away.

“Kylo did a number on you, huh?” He asked as he sat beside her. Rey winced slightly.

“I’d rather not talk about it.” She whispered.

“I’m sorry, whatever he did we will get over it together.” He muttered.

She stood, the closeness was uncomfortable, yet he was trying to be comforting, she just couldn’t be close to them right then. The images of Kylo were still clear and present in her mind, the last thing she had wanted was to break down in front of her friends. They had already seen how Kylo had looked at her. Like he owned her. She thanked her friends before she had walked towards one of the private rooms. She had instantly gotten onto the bed, her face was met with a pillow as she muffled all of her cries, she was careful not to place any weight on her stomach, the thought of her carrying something of his caused her pain to deepen.

If he hadn’t been right about their souls being intertwined before, he was then. Unless she did something about it. She couldn’t do something about it. It was the reminder of what had happened. It was the physical burden she would have to carry from the time she had spent as his captive. It hadn’t taken long before she had fallen asleep. When she had awoken, she had heard voices she had easily identified as Poe and Finn. They had been arguing. She looked toward the door as she stood and walked over to them. Their voices grew louder as she neared them.

“We need to know what happened, if Kylo hurt her—” It was Finn, Rey winced at his tone.

“You can’t just barge in there and demand that she tells you, I’m just as worried as you are but we have to be rational.” Poe. Rey bit her lip as she forced herself to listen more.

“We have her now, that’s all that matters. She’s safe.” Poe spoke calmly.

“I’ll kill Kylo Ren.” Finn stated. Rey had then decided to go back to bed, then she had heard Poe whisper something that had gotten her intrigued.

“When should we tell her?” Poe asked.

“When she’s better.” Finn replied.

“She deserves to know, she has been with us longer than anyone else.” Poe said back.

“I just don’t want to force our happiness in her face, she had been through a lot.” Finn had spoken. Rey had her ear next to the wall at that point. Though she had respected the privacy of her friends, she had also wanted to know what had happened between them. Obviously it was something big. Rey had leaned further against the wall, her hand had accidentally touched the activator to open the door.

“I love you—” Poe had said, just as Rey had fallen over. She blushed darkly just as she tried to turn around. Finn blushed as she avoided eye contact. Poe had then let go of his hand.

“We thought you were sleeping.” Poe spoke, as he attempted to be calm.

“I was.” She replied.

“Well, I’ve got to go check on the pilot—” Finn said as he began to pace away from them.

“I’ll go help,” Poe had said.

Rey watched as Poe had scurried to meet with Finn. She had caught a glimpse as Poe had once again took Finn’s hand in his. Rey had decided to follow them. Once she was at the front of the ship, her eyes had met Finn’s.

“We had barely caught your distress signal, if it wasn’t for one of our ships we wouldn’t have found you.” Finn spoke.

“I’m glad you did, thank you all so much.” She began.

“There is something I should tell you, it’s very hard to— to admit.” She muttered.

“Whatever it is, we’ll listen.” Finn assured.

“I— I am—” She stuttered, Rey lowered her gaze, her loose hair cascaded over her face as she bit her lip to silence a cry. Her chest had tightened as she fought herself to say what she had needed to say.

“Kylo Ren and i—” She had tried once again, just as her collar had began to beep. Rey had torn her eyes from the ground to look back up at Finn.

“It must be a tracker,” Finn muttered. Rey let out a small whimper as she tried to pry it apart.

“He can’t find me again.” She cried as Finn caught her hands.

“He won’t. Poe we need help!” Finn shouted. Poe patted the copilot on the arm before he went to his friends. His attention went to Rey’s collar that had been sounding. He gave a confused look to Finn, then Rey.

“Sweetheart, it’ll be okay, take a breather.” He said as he began to examine the collar. From what he saw, it was a silver, metallic ring. The sound seemed to have been coming from a speaker, a light had blinked in sync with the sound.

“It seems to be some sort of communication device. A voice recognizer and speaker. There’s a button on the side,” He muttered as he moved Rey’s hair to her other shoulder. She blushed as she felt his long fingers stroke her neck.

“That’s enough.” She said abruptly as she stepped back. Poe gave her an apologetic look.

“I’m sorry,” He said.

“I don’t think it will come off without recognition.” He muttered.

“That means Kylo—” She whispered.

“We could always break it off.” Finn spoke eagerly.

“It might hurt Rey in the process.” Poe said back.

“I don’t care. I know that it’s waterproof, maybe a dissolvent.” She suggested.

“And kill you in the process? Maybe a tool of some kind.” Poe spoke.

“We could try to pry it open.” Finn stated.

“We’d need something that wouldn’t hurt her. Something that would get a grip on it without damage.” Poe said.

“The force.” Rey had whispered. Poe and Finn stared at her. The force could work.

“We need to find Luke before Kylo finds us.” Rey nodded at Finn, just as Poe patted his shoulder.

“I’ll send out a signal and change direction.” He said.